Susan

I won't ascend to calling her a bitch
although she was a female and canine
for such a word bears connotations rich:
I'm sure that this sweet name she might decline.
As well I made her reproduce just fine:
although so squeezing from that fetid womb
a son who follows his sweet father's line -
that proved to be a task of wanton doom.
I wonder what she weaves within her loom:
and so, the couplet's volta, please excuse:
thought she Oxonians would give her room?
was her intent, me, spare tool, to abuse?
I'd always loved my partners 'till that date -
she made the claim she loved - I sewed my fate.